A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd;
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the Realme,
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtoode in lanes,
Laide gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at *Rauenſpurgh*
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heauie on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for?
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the poynt.

In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffred his kinſman March,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd
There without ranſome to lie fo
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victo
Sought to intrap me by intellige
Rated my Vncle from the Cour
In rage diſmiſde my Father from
Broke oth on oth, committed w
And in concluſion, droue vs to
This head of ſafetie, and withall
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuan

Blunt. Shall I returne this anſ

Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter.* Weele
Goe to the King, and let there b
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne a
And in the morning early ſhall n
Bring him our purpoſe, and ſo f

Blunt. I would you would acc

Hot. And may be, ſo we ſhall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke

Arch. Hie, good *Sir Michell*, b
With winged haſt to the Lord C
This to my coſen *Scroope*, and a
To whome they are directed. If y
How much they doe import, you

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gef

Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michell*, is
Wherein, the fortune of ten tho
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir* a
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtan
The King with mighty and quic
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I f
What with the ſickneſſe of *North*
Whoſe power was in the firſt pro
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſen
Who with them was rated firmel

I

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